

The Black Sheep.

(Continuation of Chapter XL.)

As for the letters they could hardly be called love letters. They had more the character of essays on scientific, social, economic, and industrial questions. They were entirely devoid of any personal history or of any personal aspirations whatsoever. This puzzled the man of business greatly. He was wont to tell Olive that the boy's letters were as good as a magazine article, but that he wished they would contain more of his personal history. "What I would like to know," he would say, "is how he makes his living. How he is employed. He must have a source of income for even the most saintly among us need money. It is a 'necessary evil', but we must have it. I wish you would find out just what his income is, and where from. It would help us to get a better insight into his real character than anything else."

Instinctively Gus Anderson associated character and income, yet he discussed it all so reasonably, so impartially that he won his daughter's entire confidence. She agreed that she would write and ask the boy the desired questions. This she did just before leaving her native village for the sunny clime of the city at the foot of the Rockies.

Her uncle, a prosperous farmer and bee keeper, lived a little to the east of the town of Boulder, and it was here, that shortly after her arrival she made the acquaintance of a couple of young men, students at the Colorado University School of Mines, who were spending their vacation on her uncle's ranch. These young men were not radicals in the sense that Jack and Collins were radicals. They did, however, have advanced ideas concerning labor organizations, and kindred subjects. It was now that Olive became very anxious to get a view point and naturally on occasionally getting the worst of it, but her efforts were only temporary. Every evening before she retired she would write to Jack and tell him of all her problems, and the way the college men stated theirs. And at the other end of the line, Jack was answering her many questions with the more than willing co-operation of Ed Collins. In fact Collins wrote quite as much of the letters as did the boy.

In fact he was the more seriously in love with her for he was several years Jack's senior, and while outwardly rough and unsympathetic he was, inwardly of an affectionate nature. He admired beauty in woman, kind, but more than that, did he revere intellect, and it was becoming ever more evident from Olive's letters, that she possessed intellect in no small degree. Then, Collins admitted that peculiar type of intellect that dwells on the problems of social life, and that was pre-eminently hers. So it was, that the big man was often more anxious to hear from the girl than was Jack, and he lost no opportunity to enclose a little note in the boy's letters when ever he was invited to do so. In these he expressed his personal view of some particularly knotty social problems.

These notes were always well worded, and to point; they could not help but impress the girl, and cause her to form the habit of writing separate notes to him, which finally developed into separate letters.

CHAP. XL.

Her first Socialist Meeting.

In less than a week after her arrival at her uncle's ranch, Olive was casting about for a local socialist, from whom she might learn just how the cult operated, and what they hoped to accomplish for the present generation. With all the impetuosity of youth, she sought for any way to make an end of this world's ingrained injustice, by the sheer force of her own idealism. Like every new convert to the faith of the Co-operative Commonwealth, she was convinced that she had made a great discovery, and that all that was, now needed, was but to go out and tell it to the toiling masses. These she reasoned would not hesitate to receive the word, and go to work at the reconstruction of society.

Her failure to impress the preacher, and the editor, and her father for that matter, she ascribed to the fact that they were not strictly workers, as Jack had defined workers. It was to their interest to oppose anything that worked against their customary source of income. Her failure to impress the few working people she had talked to, she attributed to the fact that she had not read enough copies of "The Appeal to Reason."

But now all would be different. She had read not only papers but books as well, and what she had not understood, Jack and Collins had made clear. All that was needed now was to get busy in an organized way, and the citadels of evil would fall, and the temples of Justice arise, at the onward march of the victorious Proletariat.

She asked one of the students who was vacationing with her uncle, if he happened to know an honest to God socialist in that neighborhood, and he informed her, that there was one in town, who was "pump dippy" on the subject.

The man in question was Peter Collingwood, who oscillated back and forth between the practice of Law, and his hives of bees, in the struggle for existence, but who was always firmly anchored in his political faith. It is almost sacrilege to call this man's faith in the ultimate triumph of the lowly, political, for his sincere

ity and devotion had much in it, that was akin to the religious in the most exalted meaning of the variously interpreted word. He was one of these men who are so filled with a sense of the absolute importance of their ideas that they talk them in season and out of season, to any one who is willing to listen and to many who are not willing to listen, until they are looked upon at best as a harmless nuisance, and at the worse, as a menace to the peace of mind of the community. Such a man was Collingwood. It was said of him that if he had a client before a jury, he would first try to make socialists out of the twelve goodmen and true, before he would argue the case for his client, in consequence of which he had to raise bees in order to keep his home fires burning. Consequently he had but few friends and many enemies and near enemies. His friends he loved and his enemies he propagated, which they considered as being worse, then if he hated them.

That Olive Anderson should admire such an individual was a forgone conclusion. And that Collingwood would tell her all, and more then he knew about socialism was equally certain. For Collingwood was nothing if not well read in the literature of the class struggle and its allied subjects. He also possessed of an extraordinary imagination, which he needlessly employed in his recital of the crimes of the rich.

For weeks, "The Appeal to Reason", had carried the announcement, that on a certain day, Eugene V. Debs was to speak in Denver, in behalf of the imprisoned labor leaders at Boise. And Olive Anderson had eagerly awaited that day. But when she told her aunt and uncle of her intentions to go to Denver and hear the speaker, they very naturally raised a storm of protest. They went so far as to wire to Olive's mother for instructions in the matter, the result of which might will be imagined. But their efforts were in vain. Olive had decided to go. And she went. After which her uncle decided to mention the matter no farther, hoping that one political speech would be enough to satisfy her curiosity.

It was on her trip from Boulder to Denver, that she met Peter Collingwood. He was at the station giving out "Appeal to Reason", and announcements of the Debs meeting, to passengers boarding the Denver train. He was very thorough in his work, for also Olive was to all appearances just a ship of girl in the midst of the giddy age, he did not neglect her, but handed her the paper and hand bill, with a verbal request that she go and hear the speaker while in Denver.

Olive was delighted to meet this apostle of discontent. She told him, that she was to hear Debs, that she was going to Denver. To which Collingwood replied: "two of us, by hooky, two of us!"

The train started on its way, Collingwood and Olive occupying the same seat. She gave her five year senior, sat on the opposite side of the train, a veritable picture of disapproval. She cordially hated the lawyer for no other reason than that her father hated him. And her father hated him for the reason that he considered the lawyer a fool but every time he tried to prove him so, Collingwood would have the best of the argument. Now Olive was conversing with this man and using a language which her cousin did not even comprehend. For they spoke of Social evolution, of workingclass supremacy, of industrial solidarity, of capitalistic decadence, with an ease that entirely baffled the middle-class minded girl who was to guard Olive from harm.

The trip to Denver was a feast to Olive Anderson. For the lawyer told her much of the life history of America's greatest workingclass orator and also much of the inside of the present labor troubles, which were now culminating in the possible death of three of the leading men in the Western Federation. The two hours during which the train made its way from Boulder to Denver passed by almost un-noticed, and now they were in Denver.

That evening she found herself among the mass crowd that gathered at the auditorium to hear the great apostle of freedom, but more to voice their protest through him, against the illegal barbarities of the mine owners of Colorado. It was a wonderful gathering. The very air seemed to be charged with an electric force, Olive felt as if she were swept along by this, to her, mystic power. There was a stillness in the great hall that could only be likened to the stillness that sometimes precedes a storm. There were the usual tiresome preliminaries which one has to endure at all socialist meetings. They are the usual cause of a small attendance, at many meetings, but when Debs is to speak, anything can be endured, for he is in this respect an all compensating power. Still this was Olive's first meeting and all of this preliminary work which usually is the financial part of the enterprise, interested her, only as part of the battle tactics of a great cause. That a battle action should be preceded by a book auction was to her an unheard of proceeding, but she could understand that the purpose was to get the literature before the public, which of course was a wise and necessary part of the great struggle.

At last the speaker came upon the stage, and then pandemonium broke loose. Such cheering and applauding Olive never heard. Involuntarily she took part, clapping her hands and stamping her feet, and even giving vocal vent to her emotions. To the positive disgust of her cousin, who was paying attention to nothing but Olive, while Olive was paying attention to everything but her cousin. After an ovation that lasted several minutes silence was again restored, and Debs began his speech. As he stood there, tall, slender, slightly bent as if with the sorrow of a world, she felt that mankind only echoed

the love he felt for all mankind. There was mystic music in his voice; it ranged from plaintive calling to thundering command. It called to the deepest springs of human emotion, breathing now low and tenderness, and again storming the ramparts of crime and avering with a deluge of scorn and hate. For hate is but the antithesis of love. Debs loved his people with a divine passion, and hence he assailed their oppressors with a hatred born of love.

She listened with a deep religious devotion, to his every word. He convinced her that socialism was definitely the hope of the ages, and the final goal of all our striving. The age old class war was but the path of man's redemption from bondage. The squares of squalor and miles of misery with which the fair face of civilization was defaced was but the debris on the tide of battle. The battle could not end but in victory for the ever increasing masses of expropriated toilers. His scientific explanation was lost to her in the emotional sweeping splendor of his little more than a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. "If they kill these men, they will kill it over my bleeding corpse," Debs thundered his tall figure vibrant with emotion. It was a defiance to the very strongholds of the established order. There was no one in the audience, but who knew that this was for his convictions and in that hall no idle threat. Debs would have died for his convictions and in that hall were hundreds of men and women who at that moment would have considered it glory to follow him.

True these words were wild. In calm judgement they would not have been spoken. They were not applauded when they were spoken. The import was too serious. Yet who can say, that these words did not at least have as much effect on the final issue of the trial than Darrow's flaming oration to the jury. But all this is beside the issue. Debs was willing to give his life as a sacrifice to his cause, and in this he at least inspired one, to pour out upon the altar of industrial liberty the last full measure of devotion.

Debs spoke at great length, but Olive was not conscious of time. She wished that he would go on forever. In fact, she was hardly aware that he had begun to speak, when he closed. That night she and her cousin went to a hotel. She wanted to discuss the speaker's soul whispering message with some one, and naturally her companion was the victim. But when she asked her cousin, what she thought of the speech Olive was painfully surprised when she informed her that she had paid no attention to the fellow. After which she read Olive a lecture on her unladylike conduct, which she averred was the result of being raised in a small town. And Debs is about half the size of Boulder. She gave her to understand that she was not interested in politics or in labor problems. She considered these subjects unladylike and vulgar. Women ought not to take part in man's affairs. It was natural for man to govern. You see, the Bible does not tell of any lady Gods!

It soon became evident to Olive's mind that it was useless to reason with the unreasonable. Discontinuing the conversation, she went to bed, where in imagination she talked the whole matter over with Jack. She was sure that he would have understood all that Debs had said, and that he would have sympathized with the great object to be attained. She remembered that he had told her, that only thru sacrifice could the race be redeemed from bondage.

The next morning she and her cousin quarrelled with the result that this guardian angel flew back to Boulder, while Olive sought out the socialist headquarters, where to her delight she met Peter Collingwood and the genial Debs. Collingwood introduced her to the speaker who spent about twenty minutes of his busy time in conversation with her, after which she was introduced to the secretary of local Denver who enrolled her in the Socialist Party, and gave her the little red card, she treasured to her dying day.

More Going than Coming

Figures just compiled by the immigration officials at Ellis Island show that 334,254 aliens have left this country through the Port of New York in the year ending June 30th. The number of incoming aliens in the same period was 314,468. There were thus 19,786 more outgoing than incoming aliens during the year.

Reports reaching here from the Soviet Ukraina tell of the opening of a Soviet Congress at which the delegates reaffirmed their loyalty to the Soviet ideal and took pains to emphasize the fact that Soviet Ukraina was aiding Soviet Russia in fighting back the invading Poles. C. Rakovsky, chairman of the Council of People's Commissioners of the Ukraina, in reporting on the activities of what body, said that 14,000,000 hectares (about 35,000,000 acres) of farming land had been taken away from the sgrarians and turned over to the peasants for use. He also reported that the miners of the Donetz Basin had produced a remarkably large amount of coal despite the difficulties due to the war.

The Ex-service Men's International

By A. E. Mander,
General Secretary, National Union of
British Ex-Service Men.

A conference has just been held at Geneva which may prove to have started one of the most significant and one of the most important movements of our age. It was a conference of ex-service men, of ex-service men from Britain, Germany, France, Italy, and several other countries; a conference of those who through the years of war had been fighting each other at the behest of their masters and who resolved that such a state of things should occur "never again". Henri Barbusse—author of "Under Fire"—presided. His opening address gave the key to the whole proceedings. "Once more we confront one another," he said, "we who have confronted one another in hell." And then he went on to declare that at that conference the ex-soldiers of Europe returned "to their first essential belief, belief in their brotherhood." After five years of slaughter, the surviving combatants emerged, looked each other in the eyes, and recognized each other as—brothers.

The government, which made the war—the governing bureaucracies of Europe, responding to the pressure of the financial interests—still glare at each other across the frontiers of the nations. The civilian peoples still bear some of the mean and futile hate that they had for each other while the war continued. But the men who are actually engaged, hundreds of thousands of them in every land, stretch out to each other the hands of fellowship.

Does this seem strange? Does it seem inconsistent? Surely not. For while the governments and most of the civilian peoples thought of each other as enemies, the fighting men, even while fighting, knew no enduring hate. They were all alike in the grip of the war-machine, and each one knew that the "fellow opposite" was as helpless as himself. At home the British peoples cursed the Germans, and the German peoples cursed the people of this land. But in the fighting line British and German troops alike only cursed the war.

Now the war is over and the ex-soldiers of the world are determined that, if it be within the power of mortal men to do, they will make it impossible for war to come again. They dread the thought of their children having to pass through the hell that they themselves have been dragged through during the last five years.

During the war they cursed the war. But now they realize that that is not enough. They understand that it is too late to damn the swirling, seething torrent when it is rushing headlong to the falls. They recognize that if they would stop war, they must stop it at its source.

RUMINATIONS OF A REBEL

By Tom Clifford.

There is not the slightest danger that the railway corporations will reject the wage award of the Railroad Labor Board, for the moderate increase granted the workers is practically of no concern to the employers, since the earnings are guaranteed by the government, and the increased cost of operation will simply be passed on to the public, of which the railway workers constitute a part. This is frankly allowed by both the Labor Board and the capitalist press. The cost will be covered by increased freight rates and the "back" will be passed down the line to the consumers, which means another increase in the cost of living. Could anything be more vicious or idiotic than such a program? It must be patent to the most superficial thinker that no material relief to the working class as a whole is involved in this award, for whatever benefits accrue to the railway workers must be paid for by the remainder of the working class. The Labor Board could have manifested still greater generosity without interfering in the cost with the interests of the transportation magnates, but that would have entailed an augmentation of the burden to be borne by the public, which might precipitate a revolt. Robbing Peter to pay Paul and keeping the workers ignorant of the chicanery is now the only recourse left to the bourgeoisie to postpone the inevitable breakdown of the capitalist system. It is the only method of procedure left them, and its continuance is limited to the time it takes the masses to get an intelligent grasp of the situation. Then there will be something doing.

In the face of acute economic conditions, constantly growing worse, the hysteria of the war period is rapidly disappearing in spite of the efforts of the bourgeoisie to keep it alive. When confronted by the basic problem of living emotional "patriotism" is forced into the background. The or-

The Ex-Service Men's International was not intended to consist only of labor and socialist organizations. Yet every national body of ex-service men which sent delegates to Geneva, sent them with the same thoughts to express. Capitalism, they all agreed, is the ultimate cause of all modern war. The roots of war, they said, are to be found in the capitalist system, and the only way to end war is to tear it up by its roots, to abolish capitalism the wide world over.

The first act of the congress was therefore to pledge the ex-service men who were represented there—British, German, French, Austrian, Russian, Italian, Belgian, Rumanian, Swiss—to pledge them all to work together to abolish the capitalist and competitive system, and to strive to establish a world-wide cooperative form of society.

But then arose some difference of opinion. The Italians and some of the French delegates expressed the view that the matter should be left there. "Let us concentrate upon this one thing," they said, "let us consider only how we ex-service men may help to destroy the capitalist system."

The British and some German delegates were of a different mind. Although they held that the only way to abolish war was to abolish capitalism, and although they were already pledged to do their utmost to accomplish this, yet they urged that it was possible, even while capitalism continued, to render the making of wars more difficult, to diminish the chances of war. They declared that they must do something immediately; that they could not afford to wait until capitalism was abolished in every country in the world, without taking some precautionary measures in the meantime.

Eventually the conference accepted this view, though the Italians insisted that, for them at any rate, it would mean waste of time and effort. "The Revolution," they said, "is so near at hand in Italy that we can consider nothing else."

The British delegates submitted that the ex-service men should help to abolish secret diplomacy (and especially the power of the foreign offices to commit the peoples to potential war behind their backs and without their knowledge); work for the abolition of armaments everywhere; to spread anti-war propaganda amongst the civilian people, and especially amongst the children; and endeavor to bring about the general use of an international language, Esperanto.

The conference passed unanimously a resolution of the British delegates condemning the League of Nations as "a league of capitalist governments of the conquerors."

organization of patriotic societies receive but passing notice from the masses, who are now only concerned about their material prospects. There is a prevalent expectancy of the breakdown of industry in the near future, and a feeling of uncertainty is gripping the masses and compelling serious thought. They can give no reason other than that they "feel it coming". The capitalist press is scrupulously refraining from giving publicity to events transpiring in industry which are portentous of an approaching industrial depression that will divorce millions of workers from their jobs and in turn rock capitalism to its very foundations. Already multitudes of workers have been given "vacations" through partial shut-downs in industry, information of which can only be gleaned from the suffering workers themselves. This widespread pessimism is purely psychological at present owing to the absence of positive knowledge, but when the facts become public property the workers will be compelled to recognize their desperate condition and take drastic action. Whether such action will be governed by intelligence or merely resolve into a riot of desperate remains to be seen. At any rate they will have to face the music and take the bit in their teeth. Confronted by grim necessity no other course will be tenable.

And what will be the duty of communist forces in that hour of tribulation? Manifestly one of watching and waiting while the revolutionary forces gather with a view to directing them into peaceful channels, if possible. Those who have hitherto paid no heed to our economic predictions will then turn to us for inspiration because they will have no other port in the storm. We should hasten to marshal our forces for the great work that is before us. We are the only section of society that can offer a rational and scientific method of procedure when capital-

Skygac's Column

Democracy as she is mocked was well exemplified at the Republican convention. Vox Populi, THE people, were allowed to play at selecting the popular choice, then Big Biz steps in and tells them who is who and what is what, and the dark horse cometh out. Now comes the popular farce of manufacturing popularity for the nominees of big business. The man on the porch sounds all fine and dandy, but there must be fine lines running from that front porch to wall street, or the man on the porch would not have a chance to pose as the people's choice.

Paul La Farge the witty Frenchman, described a similar situation in the following words: "Now comes the politicians with tears in their eyes and gold in their voices, and the longed-for populace shout in frenzied chorus, 'Hooray, Hooray', then will start the great farce, the theft of a nation's goods."

Why did the A. F. of L. hold its convention in Canada? The best guess is that it was held in Canada so the delegates could have the privilege of freedom of speech—so they might express their honest opinions without interference from the U. S. department of (in)justice.

The A. F. of L. wants government ownership of railroads "democratically managed" but don't want sovietism. Reminds me of the man who was hungry but did not want to eat. If some one should suddenly ask the A. F. of L. what-the-ell it DID want, wouldn't they hear a cl of stuttering and stammering?

Trotsky has again been murdered for the eighth or eighteenth time. That fellow has more lives than is accredited to a tom cat.

The bolsheviks have but a shadow of an army says the W. G. N. Beats all the how strong some shadows are!

Bolshevism has failed, says the current magazines. Why didn't they print all the sentence? Bolshevism has failed to frighten the common people!

People are like dough, if they have the yeast in them they will rise. But even dough has to have a favorable environment or it will not let the yeast work.

Now cometh Hearst with a renewal of the yellow peril, telling us that the white race is doomed—that the yellow race will win in the struggle for supremacy. If it does it will be because Capitalism has sapped the vitality from the great majority of the white race.

The great menace is in the industrial relationship, not in racial development.

The moulder of public opinion wields a greater influence than the maker of much money, yet allow much money to control the forces which mould public opinion—that is a part of our 100% Americanism.

Palmer has hushed the voice of the leaders, now he must listen to the voice of the pack!

"LIKE A MIGHTY ARMY"
We glean the following from "Current Opinion" for July, thinking it good enough to pass along. It at least shows one sky pilot who got his eyes open about war. Who knows he may next get his eyes open to the church?

Current Opinion's comment is as follows. "It will be a long time before the poison of monarchism militarism has been squeezed out of the hymnbook. The world has thought so long in the brutal terms of the past that it will be hard to get over it. The Reverend J. H. Hopkinson of England recently said: 'We have learned that war is not a matter of fluttering banners and clashing swords and beating drums, but merely a sickening and dirty butchery of lads in water-logged or flyinfested trenches.'"

"We shall be less ready than we were to compare the movement of the church to that of a victorious army. Hymns that we could sing unthinkingly before the war have become a lying blasphemy. Who could now sing 'Like a Mighty Army Moves the Church of God'?"

Bolsheviki Russia is a nation of fanatical dreamers and wild-eyed theorists, but—they have compulsory labor and compulsory education—and with those two compulsions in force it will not be long until the whole world will have to hustle to catch up to backward Russia.

Press reports that U. S. is now to allow trade with Russia. We won't recognize them politically—but we will recognize them industrially. Now who said political action was superior to industrial action?

Franklin D'Olier, National Commander of the American Legion in his Fourth of July message, as published on the cover of the Legion Weekly says, "that the flag shall continue to fly over a nation that is, indeed, free to all men of sound principles". You see, why it is not "indeed" "free to all men" but free to all men OF SOUND PRINCIPLES, with the National Commander and the

ism goes on the rocks. We will have to take control of the wreck, and out of the chaos that for a time will ensue build up an industrial republic. The task will be a stupendous one, for we will have to handle millions of workers and reshape their currents of

American Legion to be the sole judge of what is and what is not "sound principles".

Lincoln did not use such qualifying phrases. He said "a nation can not exist half-slave and half free".

The K. C. paper printed a picture of Stedman kissing Debs at the Atlanta Pen. A correspondent writes that the picture reminded him of another famous kiss in the Garden of Gethsemane where one Judas kissed (and betrayed) his Friend.

The pulpit pounders make much of a "strong moral and religious sense." For mine, I'll take just common ordinary common sense.

Dr. Freye at a Methodist camp meeting classed the Republican party platform with the ten commandments and the American constitution. Here is the way he watered it down. There are only three great documents in the world today, and they are the decalogue, the constitution of the U. S. and the platform of the Republican party.

But then I told you at the start that he was a minister!

The same brilliant mind informs an anxiously awaiting world that, "if Cox is elected in November, Hinky Dink will run the country."

A stevedore told me the other day that "the company was damn careful of the trucks and if the company was as careful to see that men did not get broke as they were about the trucks it would be a greaat world."

Henrietta informed me the other day that the landlord observed that Henry was working overtime—and straightaway raised the rent, and one of Henrietta's sisters told me their rent was raised immediately after her Henry had bought himself a new suit. My what is the world coming to?

From the amount of propaganda put out by the master-class against bolshevism one would almost infer that the world was coming to its senses.

Bela Kuhn of the former worker's republic of Hungary is reported to have escaped to Russia. This is doing well as the P. P. had him dead and buried a year ago. Now he is much alive, and to quote the P. P. "unpunished for his crimes and atrocities". Capitalism commits no crimes!

Politicians tell us that the workers are poor because they don't use their heads. When they do use their heads the workers are jailed on a conspiracy charge.

Free open air movies for a whole week in our town. Who paid the bill? Why the fellows that expected to BENEFIT from the performance of course. The master-class fathered the scheme and paid the bills. The working class learned (or had a chance to learn) that Abraham Lincoln was a great man who started in life "poor but honest" and was against the workingclass and FOR property. Poor honest old Abe! What crimes and atrocities are committed in his name.

Well it's all off. From the advertisements in all the papers we learned that unless the Christian Soviet better known as the Interchurch World movement was supported, the world would go to the demotion bow-wow and "the bolsheviks would get us" sure, and now the papers report the flat and complete failure of that I. W. M. drive.

Skygac was an interested onlooker at the third party convention. It was the largest aggregation of nuts he ever saw all under one cover. One could not help but notice how slowly the convention resembled an S. P. convention of ten years ago.

Did you know that we produced one new millionaire for every three American boys killed in France during the war period?

Did you know that See More (see more what?) Stedman had been commissioned by the S. P. to render his services as a practicing attorney in the capitalist court to get possession of the Detroit House of the Masses away from the educational club which owns it and turn it over to the reactionary S. P.?

Did you know that the dictatorship of the capitalist will continue until it is set aside by a stronger dictatorship—the dictatorship of the proletariat?

A lot of intellectuals of the Politico-anarchist-socialist variety are just waking up to the fact that their parlorfradicalism fifteth nowhere in the scheme of things which the logic of economic evolution is bringing in. Emma Goldman did not like the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie here and over in Russia she is reported to like the dictatorship of the proletariat even less. If she goes to heaven she faces the prospect of the dictatorship of the heavenly king and if she goes to hell there is the autocrat of the horns and spear-head tall. Boo-hoo. Ain't it a cold and cruel world?

Emma isn't alone in her dilemma.

thought and conceptions of life. We must be equal to the task, however arduous, for the preservation of society will depend upon the wisdom we manifest during the period of social transition. Will we be equal to the occasion, I think we will.